

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S



HOSPITAL JOURNAL

WAR BULLETIN

Vol. 1 No. 3.

DECEMBER 1st 1939.

Price Fourpence

FUNCTIONS OF A JOURNAL AND THE FUNCTION OF AN EDITOR.

WE believe that anything that smacks of the pastime known as "washing dirty linen in public" should only appear in an Editorial under the very strongest provocation. So much mud has been slung at the poor long-suffering JOURNAL recently that I fear some of the splashings must for our own justification find their way on to this page.

From the correspondence we receive and snatches we hear in a roundabout way as coming from people who have not the enterprise to write to us directly, it would appear that readers are divided roughly into two groups. First are the normal, friendly people who make constructive suggestions, are prepared to make allowance for the failings of a struggling—though no doubt inefficient—editorial staff, and are on the whole keen to co-operate. We fondly hope—and the degree of our enthusiasm depends on our believing—that the majority of Bart.'s men belong to this category.

On the other side are those readers who, it seems, only look at the JOURNAL if matter appears which closely concerns their own activities. They again fall roughly under two heads: on the one hand are those who consider the function of the JOURNAL to be merely a completely unreadable chronicle of current events, supplemented occasionally by the strictly orthodox writings of Very Senior Men.

On the other hand we have the satyrists of the present generation who, having just passed the stage of adolescence, believe that criticism of a purely destructive nature is a worthy expression of their emancipation. There are those who say that the JOURNAL does not allow students to air their views

without the restrictions of rigid censorship: yet this is the only view they have ever been known to express in their lives. They speak vaguely of "Discussion Corners" where they can discuss conditions and purposes of living: yet the only subject they have ever been known to discuss on paper is the inadequacy of the St. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL JOURNAL.

Possibly in the past there has been a tendency to bow too strongly before convention and tradition. In this Year of Grace and War our columns are free, and nothing is banned except that which is uninteresting, ill-written, grossly obscene, or damagingly libellous. In this connection we are grateful to our contemporary known as *Argent and Sable* for emphasising the importance of free speech.

The functions of a JOURNAL then are primarily to provide entertainment and information and, secondly, to be the mouthpiece of those whom it represents. And the function of an Editor—be it known—is to assemble and edit the material put before him in such a way as to make it most attractive to its readers. But unless he *has* that material, his job is hopeless. We earnestly appeal, not only to those who have important views to express, to general practitioners and illustrious figures in the higher walks of Medicine, but to all those who can put pen to paper, whether they are placed now in the congenial atmosphere of Cambridge or among the wilds of the Dunstable Downs: only when we receive contributions from all parts can the JOURNAL become truly representative. Apathy and indifference damn the efforts of an editorial staff far more absolutely than criticism of any kind.

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R.B.P.

We are very grateful to an anonymous reader who has sent us the missing lines of R.B.P.'s poem, published last month.

The verse about Mr. Charles Barrett Lockwood ends in the completed version as follows :—

Peace, peace, oh for some peace.

You've missed the chief pleasure in life
If you've not heard him curse at the Theatre
nurse

When she gives him a rather blunt knife.

* * *

The last verse ends :—

I trust that the moral is plain.

There's no need to be dull

With a hole in your skull

And Jumpy to stir up your brain.

We hope it will be possible soon to print more of the unpublished poems of R.B.P.

January Issue.

Matter intended for the January issue of the JOURNAL should reach the Editor at the London Fever Hospital, Liverpool Road, N.1, before Thursday December 14th. Letters for publication should be received before Tuesday, the 19th.

Thanks to Nursing Staff.

We should like to express our very deep gratitude to the Nursing Staff of the London Fever Hospital for their very noble work in wrapping up the nearly two thousand copies of the JOURNAL which are sent out each month to subscribers.

ROSE WINDOW

On November 20th Heinemann's will publish a volume entitled "Rose Window." It will consist of 25 new and hitherto unpublished contributions—essays, plays, short stories and poems—by distinguished authors, and the proceeds will go to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. There is a foreword by Lord Horder, an introductory ode by Humbert Wolfe, and 24 line-drawing illustrations by Anna Zinkeisen.

The full list of contributors is as follows :
Plays—Noel Coward, George Preedy and Emlyn Williams.

Poems—Edmund Blunden, A. E. Coppard, Walter de la Mare, Lord Dunsany, Dr. Oliver St. John Gogarty, Radclyffe Hall, C. Day Lewis, Eden Phillpotts and Sylvia Townsend Warner.

Stories—Marjorie Bowen, Ann Bridge, Vera Brittain, Susan Ertz, St. John Ervine, Eric Linklater, A. G. Macdonell, André Maurois, J. B. Priestley, Helen Simpson, G. B. Stern and Sir Hugh Walpole.

A number of the authors have, in addition to giving the book rights, very kindly made over all other rights, magazine, dramatic, film, television, etc., to the Hospital, and enquiries for their use are invited.

"Rose Window" will be priced at 7s. 6d. and is an ideal Christmas gift.

A. W. L'ESTRANGE FAWCETT,

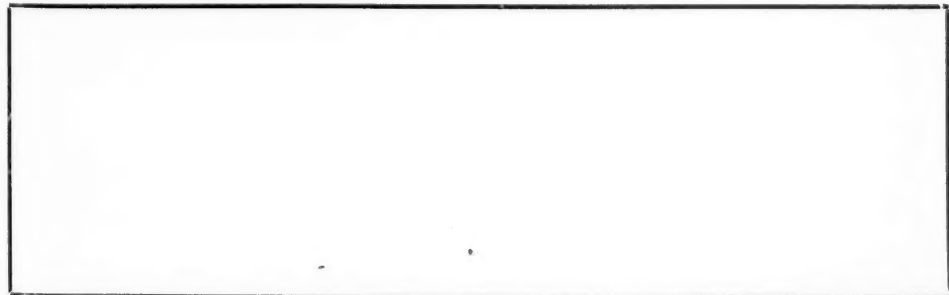
Director of Appeals,

St. Bartholomew's Hospital, E.C.1.

Dutch Liner Survivors.

About one hundred of the Dutch liner "Simon Bolivar," sunk by a mine in the North Sea on November 18th, were taken to Bart.'s.

OUR CANDID CAMERA



If funds permit, we hope to renew this feature next month.

BART'S IN THE WAR OF 1939

BY SIR GIRLING BALL, F.R.C.S.

THIS is the strangest of wars; not the least of its effects has been the complete dislocation of the working of the Medical College. Unfortunately there appears to be little likelihood that the College will return to its normal home at an early date. It is necessary, therefore, to buckle to and devise schemes under the changed circumstances; fortunately some preliminary efforts at organisation had been made, as it had been foreseen that the College might find itself in difficulties.

It is unnecessary to say very much about the working of the Pre-Clinical School. Satisfactory arrangements have been made with the Leys School at Cambridge for carrying on the First Year Studies in the School Laboratories under our own teachers (Professor Hopwood, Professor Wormall, Dr. Town and Dr. Murray, the new Reader in Biology). In the Second Year's Course, our own Professors of Physiology, Anatomy and Biochemistry (Professors Hart-ridge, Hamilton and Wormall), with a full squad of Demonstrators, are carrying on in the University Laboratories. Although the laboratories, especially the dissecting room, are crowded, it is gratifying to know that the St. Bartholomew's students are getting the very best of teaching as a separate unit, and side by side with the students of Cambridge and the London Hospital. It is further a matter of great satisfaction to the College authorities that it has been possible to keep the majority of the students resident in Queen's College, thereby keeping our identity well established. There was some fear that it might be impossible to do so, owing to the high charges which that College was making. However, the cost of living has been reduced from 3 guineas to 2½ guineas by a re-arrangement of the meals. Efforts are being made to help those students, who are really finding the cost of living too heavy, by reviewing their financial positions. In some necessitous cases help has been given.

The best help that can be given will be to go back to Bart's at as early a date as possible.

The Clinical Students are still living in the Sector, by an agreement which was come to with the Government for the early stages of the war, a period which ends on December 1st. It is expected that this procedure will be continued as a matter of fact until January 1st, after which date students will be expected to cater for themselves. It is suggested that the Council of the Students' Union should consult with the

Dean as to the terms of any arrangement which can be come to.

The students are still living in a variety of Hospitals, which makes it exceedingly difficult for any systematic course of training to be carried out. It cannot be denied, however, that all have had an experience which would not have been possible in peace-time and have been given opportunities of performing duties which they would not have been able under ordinary circumstances to perform until much later in their careers. Their efforts in carrying out A.R.P. arrangements have been magnificent and are appreciated by all who have benefited thereby.

The time has now arrived when further changes must be made which in reality will merely mean the perfecting of schemes already in being.

It is proposed to concentrate the teaching in three Hospitals, St. Bartholomew's, Friern and Hill End Hospitals; the students will be allocated to these Hospitals according to the stage which they have reached in the clinical course. This does not mean that their services may not be required in the smaller Hospitals to which some students are now attached. It will still be necessary to allocate some students to the smaller Hospitals, to which they may again be dispersed in a serious emergency, although they will carry on in the main Hospitals with their education.

The First Year clinical students will be stationed at Hill End Hospital, St. Albans; here they will go through a preliminary course of training spread over the first three months; this will consist of instruction in Preliminary Medicine, Surgery and Pathology. Students who entered in October, 1939, will already have completed this course.

This will be followed by periods of Clerking and Dressing (three months in each). The first appointments will commence on the 1st January, 1940. It is incumbent upon every student who has not yet had a course of preliminary training or completed his first period of Clerking or Dressing, to see that his name is registered with Dr. Harris at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Forms of application are obtainable at the three main Hospitals.

The Second Year clinical students will carry out appointments in the Special Departments at St. Bartholomew's on the line of the scheme used in peace-time, which should be followed as far as possible. It is hoped by January 1st that the Outpatient

Departments will be completely opened up, thereby enabling the students to carry out their studies in all specialities. The Departments are already working under the Physicians and Surgeons of the Hospital. Students who have not already done their Special Departments appointments should make application to do so and get themselves registered in the College Offices at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Forms of application and schemes of work can be obtained at the three main Hospitals. Students in outlying Hospitals should make application to Dr. Harris.

The Final Year clinical students will go to Friern Hospital at Southgate. Here the second time Clerking and Dressing will be done and Tutorial classes in Medicine, Surgery and Obstetrics be held.

Teaching of Gynaecology and Midwifery will be carried out under the guidance of Dr. Barris at Hill End, Dr. Beattie at Friern, and Dr. Fraser at St. Bartholomew's. It is important that students who have not yet done their Midwifery should make early application to Dr. Harris at St. Bartholomew's. There are a variety of places in the Sector where midwifery training can be obtained, indeed, the facilities are better than in peace-time.

Pathology will be systematically taught at Hill End, but students are strongly advised to take every opportunity of getting instruction in clinical pathology throughout

their course. The Museum is housed at Hill End, and an endeavour will be made to get a similar collection at Friern and Bart.'s.

Lectures will be given in all three institutions and will be, as far as possible, of a clinical character. It is important for each student to see that he gets his name down on the lists which are provided, so that it can be ascertained by the Authorities that their attendances will satisfy the examination requirements.

For those students who have passed the Final Conjoint Board examinations, arrangements can be made for them at Mill Hill Hospital. There is some question, however, as to the necessity for such a course. Early requests for such to the Dean, at Mill Hill, will lead to the formation of such a class, if sufficient number of men apply. Men are encouraged to take their M.B., B.S. Examination as soon as possible.

Until further notice House Appointments will be held for a period of three months, with eligibility for a further period of three months. In only a few cases will men be allowed to hold a resident appointment for a longer period than six months.

If there are other matters about which the students require information, will they please make application to the Dean, Dr. Graham at Friern Hospital, Professor Christie at Hill End Hospital, or Dr. Harris at St. Bartholomew's Hospital.



A Memory—"Sand-bagging."

M. Bates

MEDICINE AND WAR

by

KENNETH WALKER, F.R.C.S.

War is a normal function of nations, and a collection of nations at peace is as accidental a phenomenon as a Bloomsbury boarding-house free from petty jealousies and squabbles. It is true that differences of opinion in boarding establishments seldom end in physical violence, mainly owing to the fact that our wishes are not put into action, so that we annihilate those we dislike only in our hearts, and continue to smile at them with our lips. Moreover there is always the policeman round the corner to remind us that there are few enemies worth hanging for.

There is also another reason for the superiority of boarding-house to international ethics, which I will refer to as the law of diminishing morality. This may briefly be stated as follows: "The greater the aggregate of human beings the lower is their standard of behaviour." A man in a mob is capable of actions of which he would be heartily ashamed as an individual. Crowd psychology is human psychology at its lowest, and national ethics infinitely worse than boarding-house ethics. There has never been such a thing as a forward movement originating in the masses. Certain individuals have by their own efforts raised themselves above the normal level of mankind, and so far as their fellows have been prepared or able to listen to their teaching, a general advance of society has followed, but all these advances have originated in the individual and never in the mass.

It is H. G. Wells's failure to recognise that a crowd is mankind at its lowest that is his chief error. He pins his hope for the future of the human race to the development of some sort of mass consciousness and conscience. For H. G. Wells mankind is the super-entity for the sake of which the individual will eventually sink the limitations of his individuality. This is an error of thought into which a teacher of biology might easily fall. Because on the biological plane evolution has proceeded along the line of the substitution of a complex multicellular for a simple unicellular organism, the biologically minded man assumes that psychological evolution must progress along the same

path. The analogy is a false one. Not only is there no evidence in favour of the existence of a spontaneous evolution on the spiritual plane, but there is every reason to believe that when spiritual evolution may be said to have taken place it has been in the unicellular organism, or individual, and not in the multicellular organism or crowd. The hope for mankind lies therefore in the individual and not in the herd.

Fortunately whatever we may think of the etiology of war is of very little importance. We may believe with the ancient astrologers that war is due to an unfavourable juxtaposition of the stars, agree with the modern economist that it is the result of a scramble for foreign markets, or follow the papers and say that it is simply caused by some Hitler; whatever the conclusion we have arrived at, our actions will remain the same. As medical men, we are in a privileged position; we continue to carry on our function, namely that of relieving the sick. Whether the war be just or unjust, necessary or unnecessary, avoidable or unavoidable, it is our job to deal with its wreckage. The chemist who is compelled to turn his attention to the manufacture of explosives, the business firms who convert their factories into workshops for shells, and the bishops who consecrate the new regimental colours may have ugly moments with their consciences, but we have none. We continue to do our job, and have the additional satisfaction of knowing that we are guilty of even less unconscious harm than in peace time, since we are not only struggling to keep alive the unfit, but doing our best to save also the best in the nation. We are indeed fortunate.

It is not only because we are saved from the burden of doubt that we are fortunate. Twenty-two years ago I stood one night at the mouth of my dug-out on the eastern edge of Arras, saying good-bye to my friends. It was the eve of the battle of Arras, and for three days and nights the guns had been pouring over our heads an unceasing stream of shells. The company officers were going up to their battle positions, and down Iceland trench came machine-gun bullets, like a swarm of angry

bees. It was then that I first thanked Heaven that I was a doctor! In front of me was glory, behind me a nice deep hole. Not I, but the accident of my profession, had decided in which direction I should turn.

To indulge in reminiscence is the privilege of the elderly, and it is a privilege of which the elderly take full advantage. The last war was largely run on recollections of a South African war fought some fourteen years previously, and it is likely that the present hostilities will be waged in the light of the experiences gained over two decades ago. Experience is, however, apt to limit our field of vision even although within that field we may seem to see clearly. Small wonder, therefore, if our juniors sometimes come to the conclusion that we are wearing blinkers instead of glasses.

In spite of the antiquity of my observations on the medical profession in wartime, I propose to offer them. At the time of the last war I held a fictitious and unofficial position in France, namely that of consultant to the Third Army front-line area. As this post was of my own invention, it was naturally a good one; not only had I no commanding officer, but I gave myself my own orders. Indeed, in many respects the post was unique; I could go where I liked, retire or advance according to the state of my "morale," attach myself to any field ambulance to which I had taken a fancy, and leave it for another if the commanding officer ceased to appreciate my company. Only one authority had any right to interfere with my movements, the D.M.S. of the Third Army, and he was so far in the rear that it was the easiest thing in the world to get myself lost. It was my great achievement of the war, this invention of a post that entirely suited my temperament.

As a result of my roving commission I was provided with unique opportunities for studying not only the war itself but also the nature of the great Army-medical machine from which I had been so fortunate as to have escaped. It is the observations made then that I propose to offer to my colleagues of a younger generation, who may shortly be proceeding to France. I am fully aware that what happened in one war may not happen in another, but, human nature remaining the same, it is likely that much that was true then will also be true now.

For those who enjoy war—and in spite of its discomforts, its horrors, its sordid nature, there were many of us that did—the field-ambulance provides the best "point de terre." Working from the field ambulance as a base, an enterprising man can advance or retreat, according to his tastes. When the lure of war calls him, and his nerves are in good shape, he can offer himself as a relief to a regimental officer going on leave, or when the idea of practising his profession attracts him or he feels that his nerves are jangled, with a little luck and ingenuity he can wangle his way back to the comparative safety of the Casualty Clearing Stations. Not that it is always so easy as I have suggested to advance or retreat according to pleasure, for, unlike the D.M.S. in my happy case, the commanding officer of the ambulance is on the spot and is apt to take a personal interest in his subordinate officer's movements. As David placed an inconvenient rival in the forefront of the battle, so do some field ambulance commanders send to the regimental aid-post those whose company they do not esteem. If however this happens, and an ambulance officer finds himself forced to play the hero contrary to his own private feelings, he will find in the trenches a great compensation, due to the fact that the nearer one approaches to the front line the better becomes the company. I do not pretend to explain this phenomenon; I merely chronicle it.

The second recommendation that I would make is that if there be any choice, an ambulance should be selected whose C.O. already wears the D.S.O. By this I do not wish to imply that an ambulance commanded by an officer with a full complement of ribbons is necessarily a better ambulance, but rather that it will prove a more comfortable unit in which to live. Decoration like Trench-fever is one of the most terrible scourges of a war, and a commanding officer who has not been well inoculated on the chest may be as easy to live with as a disconsolate lover whose mistress has shown him the door. Not only is the un-beribboned commander in a constant state of hyper-sensitiveness, but so are all of his officers. A tent a few inches out of alignment, an insufficiency of whitewashed stones to mark the frontage of the unit at the moment of the Divisional General's visit, a badly lettered notice-board, an incorrect filling up in quadruplicate of Army Form 3548/B.H.D. may cost the poor man

his ribbon, and well does the whole of the ambulance know it. For this reason, and in view of the strong tendency of decoration-fever to relapse, it is better, should this be possible, to select a C.O. who wears not only the D.S.O. but also the C.M.G.

For those whose chief interest lies in the practice of their profession and not in the war itself the C.C.S. and the Base Hospital offer the best field of action. Such men, however, must be prepared to pay for their professional enthusiasm, for not only, as already mentioned, does the quality of the company deteriorate as one approaches the Base, but so also does the work increase, and the regulations become more exacting. Should there be anyone whose tastes are so perverted as to make him want to study these regulations at their zenith, he would be well advised to get transferred right back, as far as he can go, to a Military Hospital at home, where the wearing of a Sam-Brown belt is a necessary preliminary to an auscultation.

Finally it may be said that the Army provides excellent opportunities for those with more specialised tastes; for example, it offers Motor Ambulance Convoys for car enthusiasts, Tunnelling Companies for those interested in mines, and the post of M.O. to an Air Squadron for those who are air-minded. Even more specialised tastes than these may be catered for, and during the last war an old Bart.'s man with a passion for natural history was so successful in following his bent as to obtain the post of Rat-catcher to the Forces!

Although the Army is a rigid machine, and the civilian who finds himself, through the outbreak of war, caught up in it is apt at first to be appalled by the exactitude with which his actions are controlled, he may take comfort from the thought that even in the most rigid mechanism there exists a small amount of free play between its various cogwheels. This free play in the

military machine is utilised to the full in the activity popularly known as "wangling," and the art of "wangling" is one that every recruit is bound, in self-defence, to learn. Like all other arts it cannot be acquired from a book, and the expert "wangler" resembles the true artist in so much as he is born, not made. In spite of this, a valuable hint may be given to those who are striving to make the most of their natural endowments in this direction. The first step in successful wangling is undoubtedly to study the machinery of which it is intended to make use, and more particularly the cogwheels that determine the wangler's own actions. Whilst the psychological treatment of the commanding officer is clearly of the utmost importance, there are other less conspicuous "controls" in the machinery that must never be neglected. Amongst those most worthy of mention are the Quartermaster, the Sergeant-Major, and the Sergeant who works in the Orderly Room and is responsible for the handling of that inscrutable mystery, the Army Returns. The establishment of a friendly relationship with these lesser powers is undoubtedly the first step in securing a quiet and comfortable life in most Army units.

Yet it must be confessed that the rigidity of the Army machine is not without its compensations. There is something that is restful and comforting in having one's every action and thought determined for one by some outside authority. Well do I now understand the attitude of men who, having found the struggle to live too difficult, decide to commit a burglary, get caught and retire to prison. No longer will they be called upon to decide between two opposing lines of action, to worry whether they have chosen ill or well, to wish they had acted otherwise; everything, everything is decided for them. Yes, when I take all that happened to me into consideration, those four years in France, serving in the British Army, constituted the happiest time of my life.



DERMAL LEISHMANIASIS

by

H. V. LANDOR, M.D., M.R.C.P.

Physician, General Hospital, Singapore.

The following case presents one or two features of interest which I think make it worth recording.

A European in British Malaya noticed on October 25th, 1937, two small red shiny spots on his right wrist, and a larger less red shiny spot on the left wrist.

At first he thought they were mosquito bites, having just left Bangkok, where mosquitoes were very plentiful. He had left India on October 6th, after having been in various parts of India during twelve months.

The spots did not clear up, but gradually became larger and the surrounding tissues

The biopsy showed a pathological histology characteristic of dermal leishmaniasis, i.e., an oedematous dermis, with proliferation of large macrophages or endothelial cells, many of which contained several Leishman-donovan bodies; several giant cells were seen, and though it is sometimes said that these are not found in leishmaniasis they have certainly been described in Brazilian leishmaniasis at any rate. Lymphocytes, plasma cells, and fibroblasts were also present in increased numbers in the dermis; and several sweat glands and hair follicles were being destroyed by the pressure of the infiltration.



harder. In January, 1938, he was back in Bangkok again, and for the first time sought medical advice about the spots. The lesions were there considered to be dermal leishmaniasis, and he was given six injections of the antimony compound Fouadin. A certain amount of improvement occurred, but he then had to leave Siam again for Malaya, where in various towns he consulted several doctors, who disagreed with the diagnosis of leishmaniasis.

He was sent to see me in consultation early in March, 1938. I took a biopsy from the lesion on the right wrist, and some serous exudate for culture by inserting the needle of a syringe, and also a glass pipette, at the edge of the lesion.

In 10 days the diagnosis was confirmed by the culture of the serous exudate on a modified N.N.N. medium showing the live herpetomonad flagellate form of *Leishmania donovani*. The appearance of the lesions at this stage is shown in the accompanying photograph.

Further specific treatment was accordingly now undertaken. Injections of antimony, first Fouadin and later Anthiomalin, were given twice weekly; a full pastille dose of X-Rays was given, and repeated after a few weeks. It is stated in Manson's Tropical Diseases (Tenth Edition, Revised, 1935, p. 174), that X-Rays produce cure after a single dose in the majority of cases, but they had no effect at all on this one.

Carbon dioxide snow applications were then tried, and by repetition were gradually successful in combination with the antimony injections.

All was going well when in May a septic sore appeared on his left ear; he had first noticed this as a very small spot in March, i.e., six months after the original lesions had appeared. Culture of exudate withdrawn from the edge of this lesion, after sepsis had been cleared up, also proved positive for Leishmania. The patient had not been to India since the previous **October**; dermal leishmaniasis is said to be uncommon in Bangkok, and probably does not occur in Malaya except in people who have brought the infection with them from some other country.

The probable origin of this ear lesion was direct transference of the organisms by scratching by the patient himself, though a further infection may possibly have occurred in Bangkok in January. It is strange that the lesion on the ear should have increased considerably between March and May while the patient was receiving full doses of antimony. I recommended three local injections of Berberine Sulphate,

$\frac{1}{4}$ grain in $1\frac{1}{2}$ c.c's, at five-day intervals, for the ear lesion; these injections were very painful.

The antimony had been discontinued at the end of April, as it appeared to be causing diarrhoea, but was started again at the end of May, 20 injections being given altogether. The ear lesion gradually subsided, and by September, 1938, there was only some slight scarring left on wrists and ear to mark the site of the lesions.

Cultures from the hand lesions had become negative in June. The length of time taken for the lesions to heal was, I think, not above the average, though it no doubt would have been shortened had the patient been able to continue without a break his original course of antimony injections. Some cases last for many years.

The points that may be stressed in this particular case are:—

- (1) Failure of X-ray therapy, which I believe to be not uncommon.
- (2) Occurrence of a new lesion six months after the original lesions had appeared, and while they were still active, and in spite of antimony therapy having been given.

EXCERPTS

HOSPITALS IN WAR AND THE E.M.S.

Already harm has been done. . . . The Government should permit Hospitals in London to re-open and work at full blast, let medical education and the training of nurses be restored and provision made for the education and leisure of children at present wandering the streets.

LORD DAWSON OF PENN

in the House of Lords, Nov. 2nd.

We are further aware of active propaganda in favour of converting the present emergency service into a permanent scheme for State hospitals with whole-time staffs.

Letter in *The Times*, Nov. 18th.

The lessons learnt in the treatment of air-raid casualties in Spain have not been followed in the preparation for air-raid casualties in England. . . .

The reader may ask himself this question:

Has the organisation for the treatment of air-raid casualties in London been designed for the safety of the surgical staff or for the safety of the wounded?

Post-Graduate Medical Journal,
November.

"DICTATORSHIP" AT CAMBRIDGE.

At one college, in which outside students are billeted alongside the regular undergraduates, a notice was recently sent round stating that in future residents could entertain women visitors only between 1 p.m. and 6 p.m. on weekdays.

Sunday Chronicle, Nov. 19th.

* * *

SYMBOLIC.

Enforced inactivity has occasionally resulted in boredom in some of our hospitals, boredom which is not merely *ennui* but a pent-up state which urgently seeks release. In this connection comes from one of them the story of Seven White Mice, with labels tied neatly to their tails and smudged swastikas painted on their backs, who suddenly swarmed over the floor of the nurses' sitting-room while they were enjoying a well-earned rest after their day's work. We understand Bart's men were at the bottom of the affair.

From an L.C.C. Evacuation Order.

(1) Midwives to be evacuated in eight sections.

(2) Expectant mothers to show their pink forms at the Town Hall.

* * *

At the beginning of the black-out a certain gentleman adapted his car headlight by covering it with a short piece of inner tubing. He could not understand the ribald laughter of boys that greeted him as he drove through villages, until he found a medical friend of his surveying the car thoughtfully and murmuring:

"Too late. He ought to have been done when he was a little car."

* * *

All this hiding in the dark is humiliating.

G. B. SHAW,

New Statesman and Nation, Nov. 18th.

WHAT SISTERS THINK.

"Are we so sure that this war spells ruin for our young men? I have been an elder sister all my life with a younger brother to care for. . . . If only he is spared, discipline, drill, association and competition with other fine chaps will be the making of him. The past twenty years has been a black time for boys. Even in the public schools they seem to have slumped—crumpled collars, dirty boots—a little twitching up will do them good."

A Sister, British Journal of Nursing,
November.

* * *

One correspondent has referred to this page as our "Humour Column"; this, we fear, is rather an over-statement, and any how its purpose covers a broader field. All contributions to it, in any way that readers interpret its function, will however be very welcome.

ON GOING A-HUNTING.

By L. A. T. HAMILTON

(This article, written just before the outbreak of war, became for a short spell out of date, but we understand is now more to the point than ever.)

Hunters, like fishermen, are notorious for their Munchauseneseque yarns.

Having recently returned from a long safari, it might perhaps amuse some to hear yet another hunter's tale.

The hunt, gentle reader, moves off from the moment you are clever enough to fox the examiners into passing you through the Finals.

The tantivy and tally-ho on qualifying having died down, you begin to get scent, through the medical journals, of very promising quarry. H.P.'s, H.S.'s and C.O.'s seem to be in great demand everywhere from Land's End to John o' Groats. The field is open: one stands a sporting chance: it's a cinch: it's in the bag.

But gentle and slow they stumble that run fast. "Applications must be accompanied by copies of recent testimonials," and thereby hangs a tale, for now begins the testimonial ferreting from one's former chiefs: hardened veterans at the game of placebo dispensing. Here one receives some surprises, pleasant and otherwise.

Some please by the "nil nisi bonum" way in which they draw the long bow in regard to one's virtues, but bury the hatchet concerning one's vices: others evoke the unpleasant creeping of strange shadows of doubt across the mind as to whether that cynic was not right who, contrary to general

opinion, maintained that words were given us not to express but to conceal our thoughts.

But there is no time for idle speculations. So on to making typewritten copies of these precious passports to fame; and to writing a most impressive letter of application in which one succinctly states one's age, qualifications and freedom from any matrimonial entanglements; but succulently spins a sagacious yarn, uninhibited by any false sense of modesty, of one's past experience and present capabilities.

Having set this well-baited trap, for the next few days one eagerly awaits, as the proverbial poetic lover his mistress's melodic footstep, the postman's propitious knock.

After several bouts of hope deferred and just when the heart is beginning to be made sick, at last arrives a reply from the hospital secretary which, after all this anxious delay, merely states that your application has been received and will in due course receive attention.

The flame of hope impatiently smoulders, until one day it flares sky-high on the arrival of a telegram requesting your presence at an interview with the selection committee.

Donning the old hospital tie and the traditional well-groomed, sedate and sober blue suit (bearing knowingly in mind that first appearances, like love, frequently make lasting impressions at first sight), one gaily sallies forth with hope springing eternal in the human breast and "joie de vivre"

surging in that schoolboyish heart, on this hunting expedition to some unknown and uncharted region far north.

Off you shuffle on the 10.5, enduring the brief but necessary evil of having to behold drab London warehouses and slatternly suburban backyards, until at last your heart leaps at the enviable sight of serene open country blissfully sunbathing beneath a clear blue sky.

Lulled into a lotus-landish state of reverie by your bucolic surroundings, aided and abetted by rhythmic rockings and rumblings, your fancy takes full flight and with distance to lend enchantment to the scene you behold in a faint but rosy light your future field of operation—amidst ideal rural surroundings and ideal modern hospital where, at last, you will be able to get on terms of intimate familiarity with all those exclusive sets of symptoms and signs with which you have a polite nodding, but unfortunately not satisfactory clinical acquaintance.

And ah! the thrill that awaits you on finding and the self-administered pat on the back on rightly diagnosing and perhaps even reporting some precious medical museum-piece.

Such thoughts as the stereotyped lay-Press caption "Brilliant young Dr. makes amazing medical discovery," or even the more gratifying, if no less sensational, report in an orthodox medical journal of your thesis, "The final link in the cancer chain," float tentatively through your teeming brain. Then, flitting from the sublime to the ridiculous, thoughts wander to forty years on, with venerably greying temples, renown in Harley Street, tranquillity in that place in the country with the little woman and a couple of—

But with a sudden screech, stop and snort you are rudely jolted back into reality and the fact that you have at last arrived at Erehwon Halt, which looks even more inhospitable than the average railway siding. You alight; and, left solitarily behind as your train steams out from the station, you feel rather lost until a blandly astonished but obligingly friendly yokel offers to show you the way—just round the corner in rustic reckoning, five miles in civic calculation—to the local infirmary.

And lo! suddenly with a shock you remain like stout Cortez of the eagle eyes silent with a wild surmise, for yonder, by the gas works, lies your Eldorado.

Hope sinks and you sigh the lack of many a thing you sought as you smell an obvious red herring in that fine-sounding notice in

the medical journal which like the proverbial palaver on the seed-packet has failed to come up to expectations.

For here, as a nightmare come true, lie the ghosts of your hopes pent up in this primitive provincial morgue, a far cry from all the taken-for-granted, familiarity-breeding-contempt, ultra-modernism of good old Barts, for whom your exiled prodigal heart now penitently grows fond.

But good-bye to all that. The secretary now arrives to ensnare you into this abandon-hope-all-ye-who-enter-here institution; and to inform you that the selection committee will interview you in a few minutes.

At last the breath-taking moment when you face the pack of hounds arrives as you are ushered into the august presence of the selection committee of—two! This duumvirate (shades of Tweedledum and Tweedledee in their declining years) then proceed to reiterate your letter of application in a futilely rhetorical fashion and hold you at bay by asking equally futile questions such as "What is a Path. Clerk?" "What is a Medical Casualty Officer?"

Just when your stalkers are within bow-shot you are given a welcome break by being sent to see the secretary, who asks the only sensible question for the whole afternoon—"Well, Doctor, what are your travelling expenses?"

Then without any further beating about the bush you are sent scampering off with the secretarial parting shot, "You will hear from us in due course," which you are subsequently taught by experience is a foxing "coup de grace" for: "Sorry. You have been barking up the wrong tree."

So down to earth, and back to town.

And as the midnight express slinks out from the station the cares that infested the day fold their tents and arab-like silently steal away as you loll back, fold your arms and resign yourself to the idle thoughts of an idle fellow.

What if to-day's trek has been all in vain? What if to-morrow finds you on the road again off to fresh woods and pastures new which mirage-like promisingly await you at your journey's end?

Then to that session of sweet silent thought as you solitarily rumble rhythmically through the night you summon up remembrance of that insatiable vagabond and seek consolation and find contentment in his analgesic philosophy—

"Little do ye know your own blessedness; for to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labour."

SECTOR NEWS

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL.

A certain surgeon approached me in the surgery one day, brandishing the October issue of the JOURNAL and brimming over with indignation. He waved the paper widely to and fro to indicate the waiting out-patient horde. "Look at this," said he. "Do you call this a much-diminished morning out-patient attendance?" I had to confess that I didn't, and now I must apologise to him and to all hard-working medical men, for the October letter from Bart.'s was written in the very early weeks of the war. Now, however, we have four medical and four surgical wards in commission and, considering the reduced numbers of the staff, very much heavier out-patient work—a trial for the peace-loving dresser. We are glad to see once again Dr. Gow and Mr. Harold Wilson, who have come back to continue the good work of teaching. In fact, with the lectures and ward rounds which are now given regularly, and the re-opening of the special departments, work here is becoming more and more like it was in peace-time.

The Bart.'s Basement Theatre is justifying the efforts spent in creating it. It is frequently used for stage and film shows, which are well attended—also for gramophone recitals. We have had several noted professionals, and considered ourselves lucky to be able to see and hear them free. Heddle Nash and Hella Toros gave an excellent performance of the quarrel duet from "Cavalleria Rusticana." Ivor Novello and members of his company have given us over an hour's delightful entertainment with song hits both old and new from his Drury Lane successes. We have been privileged also to have the incomparable Beatrice Lillie, who kept the house in a state of acute laughter for a sparkling quarter-of-an-hour.

By far the best student show of the war was given by Bart.'s students from the Well House Hospital. Carefully planned, and with some good rhythm numbers it went smoothly from beginning to end. Ward and Latham gave us some more of their excellent guitar work, while the delightful eccentricity of Benson was the crowning achievement of the show.

On Thursday, November 16th, a dance was held at the Mecca Café, Ludgate Hill. Yes, a dance! We feel that our social life is expanding; we even spoke to a nurse we had never seen before, and we met another

we hadn't seen since the beginning of the war. The usual Bohemian crowd was there, nurses, students, housemen, and some of the staff, too, we were glad to see. Mr. Rupert Scott, Mr. Morgan, Dr. Spence, Dr. Bodley-Scott, Mr. Hunt, and Mr. Tuckwell all were present; indeed, Mr. Hunt's spirited performance of the "Boomps-a-daisy" with Sister Paget was an inspiration to all of us. The supper interval was enlivened by Douglas Byng, who was extremely funny in a distinctly racy manner. We hope there will be some more of these dances.

Argent and Sable is proliferating; I have given up counting the numbers, but I keep them all in my room. I hang them on a hook; they make lovely blotting paper—they're so frightfully absorbent!

On the evening of Saturday, November 18th, the news came through to Bart.'s from Harwich of the sinking of the Dutch steamer "Simon Bolivar." We were told that a train bearing the greater part of the survivors was due at Liverpool Street Station. So ten dressers and an H.S. were sent there to await it. For the next two hours they waited, later regaling themselves at the Great Eastern Hotel at the expense of the Dutch Ministry. There were over two hundred survivors on the train, and when it arrived there ensued a scene of pandemonium; some were clad in blankets and some in pyjamas, and each man had to be interviewed by the police and questioned as to nationality. They were fed, and a large number of them housed, in the Great Eastern Hotel, the dressers and H.S. selecting those to be transferred to Bart.'s; they took all those that had been in the water at all, all injured ones (injuries were of a minor nature; all serious cases had been detained at Harwich), all children with their mothers, and all those who had been coated with oil. Some of them were covered from head to foot, while yet others had been vomiting the stuff.

They arrived at Bart.'s shortly after twelve o'clock in Green Line bus-ambulances, and their reception was a good test of emergency organisation. Drs. Harris and Bodley-Scott and Messrs. Rupert Scott, Hunt and Braithwaite were kept hard at work sorting the cases, and all the Hospital's linguists were brought into action.

There were a few Germans amongst the survivors. The wards were rapidly filled up and records of all the patients were taken; they were given baths and tea and were put to bed and all given one grain of luminal. Nurses were flying hither and thither, and students were kept up into the small hours of the morning cleaning the thick oil from the hair and faces and bodies of the survivors.

The following day those that were well enough were allowed to get up and were later sent to the Great Eastern Hotel in three coach-loads. By dint of noble work by nurses and secretarial staff sufficient clothing was found for all, and some wonderfully bizarre effects were achieved. Two pathetic-looking little sisters in brilliantly coloured mufflers and drab ankle-length tweed skirts must have made the best Press pictures of the day. The wards were a strange sight with groups of weirdly clad unfortunates waiting for the bus with their odds and ends of belongings—most of them had lost everything. Later on in the afternoon the Dutch minister called and saw some of the survivors who were detained, while the rest of them departed in their coaches, saluted by a battery of cameras.

Maybe these efforts will be slight compared with those we may have to make to deal with the consequences of a possible air-raid, but this was at any rate our first war-time emergency.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

The best evidence in the world of the way the pre-clinical school has settled down to its new surroundings is given by the sports news we publish below. Actually, accounts of rugger, soccer and hockey by no means cover the whole of our activities in the world of sport, as plans are well under way for swimming, rowing, athletics, etc. Tennis and squash are in full swing. For the more intellectually-minded efforts are being made to run a Chess Corner.

Cambridge has given us a very good welcome, none the less warm for being a little tardy. The gates of every club and society seem to be open to us and our fellow-refugees from London, though we have yet to hear of a Bart.'s man making a sensation in the Union. Queen's in particular, our hosts, have gone to great lengths to accommodate us at our ease, as a glance through the sports column will show.

It might be of interest to record where

and how we are working. Some 60 first-year men have come up since the last issue of the JOURNAL, and they are having all their classes in Leys School. Second and third year men are working in various of the University schools: Anatomy in the anatomy block (familiarily known as the " Battleship "), physiology in the zoology block (where pictures of toads, lizards and salamanders help those of us in the throes of embryology), and bio-chemistry in the chemistry school. The last named is lit by gaslight and makes us think longingly of pre-war days. Indeed, without in any way reflecting on the kindness of our hosts, few of us fail now to appreciate how great an acquisition Charterhouse Square has been.

WELL HOUSE HOSPITAL, BARNET.

The Wellhouse Hospital, with its chimney and water-tower, is a Barnet landmark; and apart from looking remarkably like an armaments factory from the air, is as pleasant a place as one could wish for.

The thirty odd Senior students and recently qualified men stationed here have no complaints to make, and certainly no wish to leave; most of us are taking full advantage of the rounds, grinds, operations and informal tutorials which this place has to offer, and as the Hospital caters for all sorts and conditions of men, the scope is wide.

We are fortunate in having a staff who help us in every possible way, and who are enthusiastic and patient teachers. We live under no disciplinary restraints whatever, to a man we have a leaning towards " wine, women, and song," and yet a great deal of conscientious work is done; our pass-list in the last Conjoint examination was phenomenal.

Our billets are excellent, and most of us have become good friends of our hosts and their families. At the Hospital we have a cosy Common Room, a canteen run by the Barnet aristocracy, and an appreciative nursing staff, some of whom seem booked already for higher things—even the kitchen staff shares in the increased romantic tempo, if the odd behaviour of one of our number, who has developed an obsession for peeling potatoes, has the significance we think it has.

The First Aid Post staff were inclined to lord it over the rest of us not so fortunately

occupied, but with its disbandment we are once more a democratic community. The Mobile First Aid Unit still functions, however, except when that converted horse-box refuses to start.

The "Well! Well!" concert, which ran for six crowded performances, has been the most notable of our achievements. Especially memorable are Chisholm's "Jasper," lurking in the black-out and doling out "fates worse than death" in true Victorian manner; Alf Evans' "Poor Little Willy"; and Benson's hilarious juggling. After the final show, cast and audience met at a nearby Road-house, affectionately known as the "Splash," over which part of the proceedings we must draw a veil.

FRIERN HOSPITAL, N.11.

As we understand the position at present, the next few weeks will be the last at Friern for some of us, as although the Hospital is to be one of the three main teaching centres, it is exceedingly likely that certain of our present clan will be transferred either back to Bart.'s or to Hill End. This will be, if it materialises, a misfortune, for at the moment we form a singularly happy band. We have even had our photograph taken *en masse*—could any further proof be required of the spirit of amity which prevails? And there has been no recriminations of the "You'd spoil any picture" type—at least, amongst those who knock before entering the Divisional Office. If we have our private theories, they remain private. Perhaps it is because the photographer was very efficient and expensive. Perhaps it is the near approach of Christmas. In any case, we shall be sorry to be split up. It is a sad thought that, to some, tea and social behaviour in Centre Theatre, and to others social behaviour and alcohol in the "Orange Tree," will soon be no more than memories. By the time this appears in print the Great Change may well have occurred.

We seem to find our time fully occupied at the moment. Concentrated lectures and ward rounds six days of the week, keep most of us very busy, and, when these are polished off, there is a Billiards Tournament awaiting our attention. An Entertainments Committee has been formed, and it is hoped to give periodic shows. Likewise a Debating Society—we see that Dr. Maxwell is to prove, starting from first principles and with no previous knowledge of the case, that the Medical Student is not, as we had always been led to believe, an Uneducated

Animal. This simple news has at once induced us to forgive and forget a great deal. Beneath a rugged exterior there beats a heart of gold. Would that we could say such pleasant things of his opponent, Mr. Beattie. We know, however, where the vote will fall—let Mr. Beattie be warned in time.

So life goes along very pleasantly, always excepting last week-end, when distressing abdominal symptoms smote staff and students alike. We blame the steak and kidney we had for lunch on Friday. But we are now convalescent, and hoping for better things.

ROYAL NORTHERN HOSPITAL, N.7.

There are probably those amongst us who on having a bath are content to do so in the conventional manner. The majority prefer to wash their football boots at the same time as themselves, or to divest themselves of their hirsute appendages.

A simple fellow said that we lived like Kings, and, on being pressed for a reason, said it was so because we could breakfast in our dressing-gowns. We like to regard this as an unwarrantable slur on the Royal Family. Bickford makes a strong stand for decency by appearing early and dressed, but he is in the minority. Some of the dressing-gowns are less flashy than their owners, but there is little else to be said in their favour. Mail creates a mild sensation by appearing in a mackintosh. Coupland compromises by wearing a dressing-gown and being fully dressed underneath. It would be interesting to know what the psychologists would make of this.

Academically there is need to mention Brenner's name as being one of those who qualified from here in October, also Coupland, who has been burying himself in the works of Love—J. McNeill Love, we hasten to add.

We have had more opportunities to get ourselves ready for "The Day." Practice without patients is as common as to scarcely merit mention, the latest idea being to do without stretchers as well. It is only a matter of time before they'll be doing without students.

Women attached to the Hospital have been mending holes in the sandbags, and at the moment of writing there is reason to believe that the periodic flooding of the basement is not altogether unconnected with sand.

Rowntree has observed how as daylight waxes so beauty wanes, though he didn't put it quite like that. Things are seldom what they seem.

If the L.C.C. ever feels tempted to erect a table to commemorate our stay here, it might well bear the saying "Every man is as God made him and very often worse."

FIRST-AID POST, UNILEVER HOUSE, BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE.

Coincident with the efflux from London of a counted hoard of children, nine eager young men, with set teeth, made their way to Unilever House. Welshmen travelled from the innermost recesses of England and Englishmen from the fastnesses of Wales, and with grim determination settled down to await the coming of the enemy. Their patience appeared to be soon rewarded. Sunday gave them their first sound of the siren. Casualties nil. The next evening came another. Some sat and continued their slumbers, some sat and gossiped, some sat. Nine o'clock saw their vigil ended. For the next week they started at the "revving" of an engine. Since then they have played table-tennis and patience. Some being industrious and some optimistic, all sat for exams. Some ploughed a wide furrow.

Apart from that there is little to record. With an ex-Bart.'s sister in our midst, is it surprising that we drink tea (China or Indian, Doctor?) at three sessions for long periods. To the political surprises each reacts according to his firm of origin, from "Woodja believe it?" of the ground floor trainee to the "Really, gentlemen, this is most unexpected" of the fourth. Vices hitherto concealed come out in most unexpected people. Tact prevents us from naming, but there is one who renders hideous the morning air with a "How now, Carruthers?" Another, notoriously brisk, invariably sees midday from his bed. A third, of childlike breadth of countenance, perambulates in a dressing-gown of most roué appearance. One paints himself with iodine in most unexpected places, and a master of the English language breaks periodically into Irish-American. One yells "Wotcher, me old cock sparrer," and beats everyone at table-tennis. One shows *exactly* half-an-inch of shirt cuff at his wrist, while the last, in sound slumber, converses protestingly with what is indubitably something very beautiful.

As someone forestalled me in remarking, "C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre."

T.H.E.R.

FIRST-AID POST.

By a Stretcher-Bearer.

Anyone care for a Stretcher-Bearer's (A.R.P.) views on the war? I thought not. Well, here they are.

Situated as we are, "Somewhere in the City," we find ourselves a curious and heterogeneous collection of chaps. We count among our numbers one law student, one ship's steward, one pugilist (ex), one (part worn) reporter, one medical student (ex rag trade) and one theatrical magnate. The war is not, at the moment, taken seriously. Our chief worry at the moment is that we shall, sooner or later, be called upon to attend a casualty. This fear, however, is fast receding into the background, as, up to the moment of going to press, we have had but one case, and, as she was immediately and efficiently dealt with by our medicos (about whom we shall have more to say later), we cannot really count her as a patient.

About these medicos, now. If the writer could be certain that his anonymity was sacrosanct, he could and would be more outspoken; but as, even in these days, some leakage is possible, it behoves him to write circumspectly. But this I can say, and I feel confident I have the full support of my colleagues, that a nicer—for want of a better word—mateyer (if that's the way to spell it!) crowd of lads it would be impossible to find. Ranging from trick cyclists to learned exponents on the art of "high diving," we possess as our immediate—and highly popular—superiors, as learned a collection of experts in every branch of sport, learning and science as could be found in a day's (or, for that matter, two days') march.

The learned and Hornleighish reader* has by now discovered the situation of our post, so further secrecy must perforce be omitted.

But, I refuse to finish this effusion without paying a tribute to our Sister. One in a million, she has the gratitude, esteem and many thanks of the whole post, including one who humbly subscribes himself

MERELY A STRETCHER-BEARER.

* Assuming, of course, I have one!

SPORTS NEWS

EDITORIAL

Reports from all over the sector show that games are getting into their stride again. Mill Hill naturally forms the hub of the hospital activity, partly because of its natural advantages and partly because it is fairly easy to get to. Two Rugger teams are being run from there, with one Hockey and one Soccer team, while the only thing that really breaks down under the strain is the changing room. Apart from these Hill End is running a local Rugger side and there is prospect of one from Bart.'s, while Mill Hill alone has the distinction of fielding a Polo side.

Up at Cambridge all three games are being played on the Queen's ground; partly in conjunction with the College and partly as a separate entity, since it was found that although the Cambridge people could manage about five games a week, we had to be content with two at the outside.

The results on the whole show that though there has of course been a "falling off" in the standard of play, it is not as bad as might have been expected from a Hospital divided in itself and scattered to far corners, and, although we grieve sadly for our lost baths, hot water and pints of shandy, Mill Hill does make an excellent war-time substitute.

* * *

RUGGER CLUB

The Secretary would like to announce that it has been found possible to run two regular sides, but not three, as no other clubs are. It is hoped that players in the sector Hospitals will also arrange games among themselves, though the Bart.'s sides have priority for Saturday games. All suggestions will be welcome.

St. Bartholomew's Hospital v. the Middlesex Regiment.

The first match of the season was played on Wednesday, October 11th, v. the Middlesex Regiment.

The game began badly, but when six minutes had elapsed the three-quarters ceased to drop their passes and Macafee crossed the line, but the kick failed. After twelve minutes Reinold started a movement from his own twenty-five, and from this moment L'Etang touched down; Joeekes converted. Then the team settled down as a team and some very nice three-quarter play was seen, in which Macafee and Joeekes were prominent, the latter scoring a try which he converted. An attempt on the part of our opponents' wing forward to pick the ball out of the scrum was abortive, but the penalty kick unaccountably failed. The next person to score a try was Hearn; this was converted, and at half-time the score was 18—nil.

During the second half Unwin stimulated our opponents to some form of life, but he was the only dangerous member of their team. However, Joeekes produced one of the finest runs we have seen for a long time and scored again. A few minutes later Collinson, who was, as ever, noticeable in his dribbling, took a pass from Hearn and ran well; near the line he passed to Hall, who was, as usual, the only man up, and the latter

forced his way over to score right out in the corner; the kick trickled along the ground. During the ensuing shambles Pleydell found himself unmarked for a few seconds and calmly, quietly and deliberately dropped a perfect goal. The only other try to be scored was another feather in the cap of Joeekes.

A final word of praise should be given to Jeffries and Greenberg, who did some very useful work in the scrum, and to Dr. Stokes, whose refereeing was admirable in its impartiality.

Team: R. L. Hall; P. G. Jeffries, M. Greenberg, J. Mullan, H. L'Etang; D. Graham, C. Hoskyn; J. Stowe, D. Hearn, L. Macafee, B. Jackson, A. Joeekes, M. Pleydell, D. Reinold, J. Atkinson.

"A" XV v. Guy's Hospital, October 22nd.

Score 6—6.

The opening match of the season against Guy's 2nd XV was played with energy that surprised most members of the team. Spafford, having won the toss, urged his men on so well that many dangerous raids by the Guy's three-quarters came to nought. The game settled down to a fierce forward battle in which Alcock's mobility was prominent. Finally the Guy's fly-half slid through and scored. Bart.'s replied almost immediately when the ball was well heeled and went down the line for North to cross. The second half gave Guy's an early score with a neat cut in the centre. From the kick-off Bart.'s pressed hard, and some fine forward rushes led by Hoskyn and Sandiford saw Bart.'s in the opponents' twenty-five. The tackling of both sides was keen, but finally Bart.'s broke away and the score was level. In the last five minutes the game swung from twenty-five to twenty-five, but rightly ended in a draw.

Team: R. Bartlett; B. Jackson, J. North, D. Reinold, W. Atkinson, R. Merryfield, J. E. Miller; R. Sandiford, J. Mullan, C. Hoskyn, A. H. Spafford, H. King, J. Gask, J. Robertson, R. Alcock.

v. Beckenham, November 11th. Won 32—3.

This game was played in mud and driving rain. It was shortly after the kick-off that Joeekes slid through the centre and scored, the goal being well converted by Marshall. Although an ideal ground for a forward battle, the Hospital outsidies were handling the ball well and the score mounted rapidly, Joeekes and Marshall being prominent. Brown, doing a *locum* on the wing, was conspicuous by running clean off the field into the adjacent undergrowth. By half-time the score reached 29, everyone having taken some part in the scoring. In the second half Beckenham attacked strongly, with the Hospital a little bored; so only two tries were scored, one for each side, the rest of the time being occupied in fruitless forward rushes.

v. R.A., October 29th. Score 0—0.

Played, after a brisk cross-country run, on one of the more distant fields at Mill Hill, in pouring rain. After a few minutes the field was a quagmire and it was with the greatest difficulty that the ball could be induced to leave the scrum. This rather favoured the Gunners, as they had been living in camp and by this time most of them had "webbed feet." Jimmy Miller performed great

feats behind the scrum, though of necessity usually obstructive, while the three-quarters soon found the kick ahead the only policy. This resulted in much trouble for the referee since there was no dead-ball line, and the game was continued furiously in the rhododendron bushes. No side, however, could quite establish a cut-and-dried try, so we finished finally all square.

Team: J. D. Loughborough; W. Atkinson, J. Lucey, R. Merryfield, D. G. A. Brown; G. Marshall, J. E. Miller; A. H. Spafford, H. King, P. H. Jeffries, R. H. Sandiford, R. Alcock, C. H. Hoskyn, J. A. Robertson, J. Gask.

Preclinicals v. B. W. Rhodes' XV, October 7th.
Lost 17—6.

In this some of the Queen's men played with us against a strong scratch side got up by B. W. Rhodes, the University fly-half. The play was very keen, though their outsides were rather too good for ours.

v. London Hospital, October 14th. Won 6—0.

The weather was very wet and this was mainly a forward game, though the three-quarters held the ball very well considering how slippery it was.

v. Cambridge Wanderers, October 28th. Won 6—0.

This was another fairly even game, though their three-quarters were again too fast for ours. Ours are improving steadily as the season progresses.

v. Fitzwilliam House, November 4th. Won 15—0.

This was a rather scrappy game on a wet day. Among the forwards the play was good, though there was not enough combination. The outsides were much better—taking the ball very well. Unfortunately, we lack anybody who is a good goal-kicker.

* * *

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL CLUB

Although we greatly miss the support of the pre-clinical students, who have formed nearly half the Club in past seasons, we have sufficient Soccer players among the Hospitals to run one fairly good team on Saturdays. We hope also to have some Wednesday matches. We are using the ground at Mill Hill as our home ground.

v. Ravensbourne, October 21st. At Lee Green.
Won 7—4.

We arrived at Lee Green with fearful foreboding, having suffered a 4—1 defeat last year and remembering the remarkable cunning of their forwards. This was made worse when we found we had to play a full 45 minutes each way, and not 20 minutes as suggested by an optimist playing his first game. Two quick goals against us seemed to confirm this view, but a fine right-footed drive by Mail soon after made us think again. At half-time the score was 4—2 against, our other goal having been scored by James, whose foot-pound expenditure throughout reached mammoth heights.

The game altered completely in the second half; the Bart's forwards began to play as though they knew something about it, and the gaps in the defence narrowed. Five goals followed, two by James and three by Maples in a novel position at

inside left. We finished the match completely on top with a 7—4 victory. We were glad to see Packer, Darke and Harold back again, the latter playing his first game for nearly a year, having missed most of last season through illness.

Team: Wells-Cole; Packer, Harold; Darke, Kipling, Ealam; Mail, Gordon, James, Maples, Harland.

v. Old Chigwellians, October 28th. At Mill Hill.
Won 4—3.

Another of Bart's second-half recoveries was the keynote of this game, in which we picked up to win 4—3 near the end of the match.

Bart's had most of the play, but by half-time the Old Chigwellians had scored two good goals, while James and Pearse equalised for us.

In the second half, in spite of muddy conditions, there were many effective movements. James and Maples were the pick of the forwards, and the second-half goals came from Maples and Packer, who played splendidly at centre-half.

Team: G. H. Wells-Cole; A. D. McShine, J. V. T. Harold; G. H. Darke, F. H. Packer, O. Sookias; W. D. Mail, D. J. Robertson, A. R. James, A. Maples, A. G. E. Pearse.

v. Old Colfeians, November 4th. At Mill Hill.
Won 7—2.

Another decisive victory for Bart's was brought about when we reversed the score of last year's game against the Old Colfeians. The game was marked by P. M. Elder's return to play for the first time this season, and he made his debut by a sprightly display on the right wing—an unaccustomed position. As usual, A. R. James was in great form and added three more goals to his bag. We had most of the play and only occasionally was our goal threatened.

v. Royal College of Science, November 8th.
At Mill Hill. Won 6—0.

It was early apparent in this game that we were the stronger side, and we went on to win as we liked, without the defence being really tested. James worked very hard and led the forwards superbly, scoring three grand goals. Others were scored by Brown, McAfee—a beautifully placed long shot—and Mariani.

Team: G. H. Wells-Cole; A. D. McShine, G. Howells; Currie, F. H. Packer, W. J. Atkinson; L. A. McAfee, M. Anthony, A. R. James, D. J. A. Brown, G. Mariani.

v. Old Aldenhamians, November 11th.
At Mill Hill. Lost 0—1.

This was an excellent game all through, and played in conditions nearly ideal for football. Although they were playing only ten men, the Old Aldenhamians managed to have as much of the play as we did, and at half-time there was no score. Unfortunately, Kipling had to leave before the end, and then their steadily increasing pressure gained the day, when a good shot from some way out went just inside the post. For us James worked as hard as ever, and was most unlucky not to score.

Mariani was often effective on the left wing, and Packer and Harold were as steady and efficient as ever.

Team: G. H. Wells-Cole; A. D. McShine, J. V. T. Harold; F. H. Packer, M. Kipling, O. Sookias; W. D. Mail, D. J. Robertson, A. R. James, A. N. Other, G. Mariani.

Preclinical

Arrangements were made at the beginning of the term for Bart.'s and Queen's students to combine and share facilities for football. But this did not mean that the individuality of Bart.'s football would cease to exist. Games have been arranged for a Bart.'s XI alone. One game has been played already, versus Queen's, and more are to follow. In combining with Queen's, the Bart.'s players take part in their University League matches. McGuire, Osmont, Dowling, Gallimore, Randall, Adams and Livingstone have played in this combined Queen's-Bart.'s 1st XI. This side has beaten L.S.E., drawn with Magdalene, and lost to St. Catherine's and Downing. Dowling has scored ten of the goals for the XI in these four matches. Moreover, Jacobs, Bibbings, Benton, Watts and Emtage have played for the combined 2nd XI.

v. Queen's, Wednesday, October 18th. Lost 2—4.

Barts took the lead early through Dowling's goal, but the Queen's forwards then combined so successfully that they scored three goals in quick succession. In the second half Randall scored with a long shot to make the score 2—3, but before the end Queen's scored once again.

Team: Brenman; Randall, McGuire; Fox, Osmont, Emtage; Meltz, Watts, Dowling, Melita, Duggal.

* * *

HOCKEY CLUB

v. R.N.C., Wednesday, October 4th. At Greenwich. Lost 2—5.

The first match of the season was played, appropriately enough, against one of His Majesty's Forces. The R.N.C., Greenwich, were our hosts, and a fast game on the windy heights of Shooters Hill, with balloons up above and accompanied by the sound of distant gunfire of naval crews at practice, resulted in a win for the Naval College by five goals to two. The absence of a goalkeeper in the Bart.'s defences made their task much simpler, but repeated and heavy bombardments on their goal failed to produce more than two direct hits, both of which found the mark, the first by K. O. Harrison and the second by G. H. Wells-Cole. It was also a triumph of naval stability that they were unshaken by our puzzling array of shirts.

Team: N. O. One; E. O. Evans, J. P. Haile; A. G. E. Pearce, E. J. Griffiths; T. N. Fison, T. M. C. Roberts, K. O. Harrison, S. R. Hewitt, G. H. Wells-Cole.

v. Blackheath, Saturday, October 21st.

At Blackheath. Lost 1—2.

A fast game on a somewhat sticky pitch was

spoiled by the absence of a referee! Our opponents attacked strongly from the start and were soon rewarded by a goal. The defence rapidly settled down, however, and if the excellent work of the halves could have been rounded off more successfully by the forwards, the result might have been a different one. However, from being two goals up at half-time, their lead was soon reduced by an excellent shot by Currie. From then onwards their defence was kept busy, but somehow we were unable to find the net again.

Team: M. W. L. White; R. E. Ellis, E. O. Evans; C. T. A. James, E. J. Griffiths, A. G. E. Pearce; T. N. Fison, T. M. C. Roberts, R. A. House, D. Currie, S. R. Hewitt.

v. South Saxons, Saturday, November 4th.

At Hastings. Lost 1—2.

With minds still full of the memories of a noteworthy match against the South Saxons at Hastings two years ago, and of the memorable evening that followed, we entrained at Cannon Street full of expectations of another great match. Nor were we disappointed. Bart.'s started attacking strongly and, after forcing a number of corners, were unlucky not to score—their goalkeeper is still as good as ever. Play was even until half-time, the defence by our backs being of a high standard, especially that of P. W. Isaac. The second half was even faster, and a very good breakaway by J. L. Fison ended in just reward for Bart.'s. But our opponents lost no time in replying, scoring from a mêlée in the circle; and this was quickly followed by another goal from them; but for the remainder of the game play was even and lacked any real offensive play by either side.

One or two members of the team remained at Hastings for the night, but in less draughty quarters than their predecessors; the rest groped their way back to town by midnight in the

Team: M. W. L. White; P. W. Isaac, C. P. Perkins; C. T. A. James, H. R. Mawett, E. J. Griffiths; T. N. Fison, T. M. C. Roberts, J. L. Fison, R. Heyland, G. E. Ffrench.

The matches against the East Surrey Regiment and St. John's College, Cambridge, had to be scratched owing to weather conditions.

Hill End Hospital, St. Albans, and Friern Hospital, Barnet, are each running separate Hockey XI's. It is hoped that the results of their respective matches will be published in the next issue of the JOURNAL.

Preclinical

The first match of our own fixture list was against the M.A.'s Hockey Club, on the Queen's ground, on Saturday October 28th. It was played in pouring rain on rather a rough ground. The M.A.'s scored first, after a forward rush. This was soon replied to by Mehta, who obtained an excellent goal by a "follow in" shot. Mehta then scored again by a similar shot, and shortly after half-time Bentall scored from a mêlée at the back of the circle. The rain abated a little towards the end, and the M.A.'s scored again after a very harassing five minutes for Grimson in goal, who had a difficult game to play.

Result: Won 3—2.

NEW BOOKS

SURGICAL ANATOMY.

A Synopsis of Surgical Anatomy. (4th Edition.) By A. Lee McGregor. (Wright and Sons. Price 17s. 6d.)

Beesley and Johnston's Manual of Surgical Anatomy. (5th Edition.) By Bruce and Walmsley. (Oxford Medical Publications. Humphrey Milford. Price 20s.)

Surgical Applied Anatomy. (10th Edition.) By Treves and Rogers. (Cassell. Price 14s.)

These three textbooks differ widely in scope, design and layout, and also in value. They have all appeared previously and are probably well known to generations of students.

The best is Lee McGregor's Synopsis, with its neat diagrams and tabulated facts. In structure it is composed of a series of essays on the anatomy of the normal: the tonsil, breast, diaphragms, etc.; and on the abnormal: diverticula, collateral circulation, surgical procedures, etc.; there is no pretence at completeness in subject-matter, and there is little alteration in the new edition.

Beesley and Johnston's book is much more comprehensive but less thorough in treatment; its viewpoint more surgical. The anatomical basis of most operations are carefully described, but the book suffers from some poor pictorial illustrations.

The last is Treves' and Rogers' expensive little handbook. It is less popular than formerly: the reason is not far to seek; the book is spoilt by poor diagrams, unattractive layout and inclusion of unnecessary material. The average student approaching surgical anatomy usually at the eleventh hour wants tabulated facts, sharp layout, and diagrams; and he is not pleased by brief chatters on irrelevant physiology. In its favour is its pocket size and wide range of subject-matter.

PSYCHOLOGY.

Guiding Human Misfits. By Alexandra Adler. (Faber and Faber.) Price 5s.

This short book by the daughter of Alfred Adler has nothing new to offer; however, its simple approach to a complicated subject makes it a valuable asset to students and educators.

The development of neuroses is illustrated by several case histories, and is explained according to the principles of individual psychology. Great emphasis is laid on the early relation of the child to society and on proper parental control.

In an interesting chapter on the psychology of the criminal, the lack of social interest common to the criminal and the neurotic is contrasted with the different response of the two types to the demands of society.

The general principles of treatment are set forth, together with Adler's Questionnaire, to be followed at a first interview with a patient.

GENERAL SUBJECTS.

Claude Bernard. By J. M. D. Olmsted, M.D., Ph.D. (Cassell's.) Price 15s.

This is an illuminating study of the life and work of one of the greatest physiologists of all time. Though it is full of intimate—and sometimes rather petty—detail, the book is well enough written to avoid the dullness common in biographies. It is ironical that a man whose experiments on animals revolutionised the study of liver and pancreatic function, the vaso-motor system, and the action of many poisons, should be so unfortunate as to marry a wife who abhorred vivisection, and was a strong supporter of the French equivalent of the R.S.P.C.A. No wonder he studied philosophy and showed eclectic and agnostic tendencies.

In The Danger of Being a Gentleman. By Professor Harold Laski. (Allen and Unwin. Price 7s. 6d.)

We have a collection of his essays written before the outbreak of war dealing very clearly with the international law and politics of our times. His words on the true meaning of democracy and the intolerable egoism of excessive nationalism have a particularly poignant significance just now, and we can only pray that his teachings will be borne in mind when the time comes to think about reconstructing Europe. "Fate," he says, "bids us build an ordered world as the price of our survival."

In these very sordid days we are inclined to flee from writings about war and all that has gone to bring it about. **The Sweet of the Year**, by H. J. Massingham (Chapman and Hall, price 7s. 6d.), written about the country in the spring, sounds as if it should supply a great need. Unfortunately Mr. Massingham is so aggressive about the replacement of the old country arts by modern horribleness and tarred roads that his writings are inclined to lack the peace and quiet that we would look for.

EXAMINATION RESULTS.

M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., October, 1939.

Brooke, B. N.	Witt, R. C.
Fisk, G. R.	Boatman, D. W.
Alexander, L. L.	Butterworth, R. F.
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Howell, D. R. S.	Lockyer, N. S.
Levin, A.	Howitt, J. S.
Cronin, J. D.	Sugden, W. G.
Stanbury, P. N.	Cawthorne, J. E.
Hart, J. R.	Isaac, R. H.
Morgenstein, A.	Bose, C. F.
Marshall, G. K.	Greenberg, M. J.
Gretton-Watson, B. G.	Nicholson, C. G.
Cody, W. T. K.	Beck, G. A.
Schofield, G. B.	Sinclair-Loutit, K. W. C.
Collinson, P. C.	Gould, J. H.
Gillingham, F. J. V.	Brockbank, C. A.
Anthony, R. H.	Hayes, S. T.
Golledge, N. H. H.	Thompson, J. F.
Jones, H. B.	Page, W. J. O.
Ryle, J. C.	Palmer, P. J. E. B.
Playfair, A. S. S.	

L.M.S.S.A., October, 1939.

Brenner, J. J. Palmer, T. I.

BIRTHS

BURNHAM-SLIPPER.—On September 27th, 1939, at Eynsford Nursing Home, Southsea, to Beatrice Lorna (née Baldock), wife of Dr. C. N. Burnham-Slipper—a son (Charles John).

KLABER.—On October 5th, 1939, at Haymeads Hospital, Bishop's Stortford, Herts, to Anne, wife of Dr. Robert Klaber—a son.

MARRIAGES

BANGAY—STEVENSON.—On November 4th, 1939, quietly, at Hutton Old Church, near Brentwood, Essex, Dr. E. Bernard Dorrington Bangay to Edith Joyce Stevenson.

BURNETT—RUSSELL.—On November 11th, 1939, at St. Bartholomew-the-Less, Dr. John Alec Burnett to Miss Elsie Russell.

CRUDEN—FURSIER.—On November 6th, 1939, at St. Mary's Church, Stoke Bishop, Dr. William Victor Cruden to Pansy Bernice Emilie Pursier.

ROCHFORD—PITTS.—On November 18th, 1939, quietly, in London, Dr. James Rochford, eldest son of Mr. G. Rochford and Mrs. Dellaporta, to Barbara, only daughter of the late Mr. A. T. Pitts, D.S.O., and of Mrs. Pitts, 98, North End House, W.14.

DEATHS

PICKERING.—On October 23rd, 1939, at Broad Oak, Heathfield, William Cowper, M.B., B.S.(Lond.). Aged 64. Formerly of Wellingborough and Northampton.

POYNDR.—On October 28th, 1939, at East Grinstead, peacefully, Frederick Cecil Poynder, M.A., M.B.(Oxon), only son of the late Rev. F. Poynder, sometime second Master of Charterhouse.

SAUNDERS.—On October 26th, 1939, at 153, Cholmley Gardens, N.W.6, passed peacefully away Allan Lindsey Saunders, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

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